

# The Middlebury Free Press.

"IN THE DARK AND TROUBLED NIGHT THAT IS UPON US, THERE IS NO STAR ABOVE THE HORIZON TO GIVE US A GLEAM OF LIGHT, EXCEPTING THE INTELLIGENT, PATRIOTIC WHIG PARTY OF THE UNITED STATES."—WEBSTER.

VOLUME XII.

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H. BELL,  
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## THE SONG OF LABOR.

BY J. C. WHITTIER.  
Heigh ho! the farmer's whistling horn!  
Heigh ho! the golden corn!  
No richer gift has Autumn poured  
From out her lavish horn!  
We better love the hardy gift  
Our rugged valleys bestow,  
To cheer us when the storms shall drift  
Our harvest fields with snow.  
When spring time comes with flower and bud,  
And grasses green and young,  
And merry birds in the wood,  
Like mad musicians sung.  
We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,  
Beneath the sun of May,  
And frightened from our sprouting grain  
The ruder crows away.  
All through the long, bright days of June  
Its leaves grew green and fair,  
And waved in mid-midsummer's noon  
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now with Autumn's moonlit eyes,  
Its harvest time has come,  
We pluck away the frosty leaves,  
And bear the treasure home.  
There, richer than the faded gifts  
Of golden showers of old,  
Fair hands the bread of grain shall sift,  
And knead its molten gold.  
Let rapid millers roll in silk  
Around their costly looms,  
Give us the bowl of camp and milk,  
By home-made plenty poured.  
Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth  
Sends up its smoky curls,  
Who will not think the kindly heart,  
And bless our corn-fed girls!

Then shame on all the proud and vain  
Who folly laughs to scorn,  
The blessing of the Yankee's grain,  
His wealth of golden corn.  
Let earth withhold her goodly root,  
Let midday blight the rye,  
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,  
The wheat-field to the fly.  
But let the good old crop abide,  
The hills our father's soil,  
Still let us for his golden corn  
Send up our thanks to God!

## ANECDOTE OF STEPHEN GIRARD.

The following capital anecdote, illustrative of the peculiarities of the late Stephen Girard of Philadelphia, is from the New Bedford Bulletin.

We have not seen it published before:  
Mr. G. had a favorite clerk, one who every year pleased him, and who, at the age of twenty-one years, expected Mr. G. to say something to him in regard to his future prospects, and, perhaps, lend him a helping hand in starting him in the world. But Mr. G. said nothing, and finally avoided the subject of his own future. At length, after the lapse of some weeks, the clerk, mustered courage enough to address Mr. G. upon the subject.

"I suppose," said the clerk, "I am now free; and I thought I would say something to you as to my future course. What do you think I had better do?"

"Yes, I know you are free," said Mr. G. "and my advice to you is, that you go and learn the cooper's trade."

"I am in earnest," said Mr. G. "and the clerk, rather hesitatingly, sought one of the best coopers, agreed upon the terms of apprenticeship, and went at it in earnest. In process of time, the young cooper became master of his trade, and could make as good a barrel as any other cooper. He went and told Mr. G. that he had graduated with all the honors of the craft and was ready to set up his business; at which the old man seemed much gratified, and told him to make three of the best barrels he could get up. The young cooper selected the choicest materials, and soon put in shape and finished his three barrels, and wheeled them up to the old man's counting room. Mr. G. said the barrels were first rate, and demanded the price.

"One dollar," said the clerk, "as low as I can live by."

"Cheap enough," said his employer, "make out your bill and present it."

And now comes the cream of the whole. Mr. G. drew a check for \$20,000 dollars, and handed it to the clerk-cooper, closed with these words:

"There take that, and invest it in the best possible way, and if you are unfortunate and lose it, you have a good trade to fall back upon, which will afford you a good living at all times."

The Cleveland (O.) Democrat, speaking of an address in that city by Ex-Governor Slade, on "Education in the West," says, "it was appropriate to the occasion and although lengthy was highly entertaining."

EFFECTS OF NOT ADVERTISING.—The Pittsburgh Day Book, tells of a firm in that city, who, after settling up their accounts for the past year, found that their loss amounted to over ten thousand dollars, and they were forced to close. Their business was conducted on the strictest principles of economy, but the secret of their ruin is soon told—"they never advertised in the newspapers."

## MISCELLANY.

### THE INHERITANCE.

OR, THE LOST MINIATURE.

BY G. P. R. JAMES.

The funeral was over.

In a dark room, where, for some hours before, the body of him who had owned the house, and its surrounding lands, had lain, were now congregated the whole of the relatives of the deceased, who had attended the funeral; and who had in consequence of a summons issued by the dying man, come to assist at his obsequies—many from a great distance. There were old men and young men, old women and young women; some that were ugly, and some that were otherwise; but all united in paying but very little reverence to the memory of the departed. Indeed, Michael Maline, whose translation from this, to, we hope a better world, had drawn so many people from so many places, had, during life, paid so little attention to those united to him, by ties of blood, that it was little wonder if, when he was dead, his name should be handled about with little ceremony. Those who, when alive, had neither served nor benefited mankind, cannot when dead, expect their consideration.

"Hail de ma vie," exclaimed a choleric old man with a spongy nose and a thick face—"the notary keeps us all waiting—I hope the legacies we shall have may repay all the trouble we have gone to. Dieu de dieu!"

"Legacies," said a peevish old lady by his side, "legacies indeed! you are a fool!"

"Thank you, Madame Barbejeux," replied the old grumbler, "I take your sentence as complimentary."

"What a beautiful room for a dance," whispered a pretty little coquette girl to a tall, sleek young man near her.

"Yes," said the young man, more than half inclined to be horrified at such *legitimes*.

"The dance of death," I suppose," said Madame Barbejeux, sternly.

"Recollect," put in a quiet little man who had hitherto sat in a corner saying nothing, "we are to a funeral."

"Monsieur Barbejeux," said the peevish woman suspiciously, "we thank you for the information."

"But the notary," ventured one, anxious to prevent anything like a scene.

"At the notary? I wonder what he is at? exclaimed another; I confess I am curious to know."

"Making the will, I hope; not his own," said the first speaker, in a manner that left the impression that he had said a good thing; at least in his own estimation.

"Drinkin' an' eatin' to soften his voice," quoth another. "I dunno he'll want it."

"Confessin' his sins, rather," exclaimed Mm. Barbejeux, testily.

"Notary," never confess, except on the rack," again observed Mons. Louvain the gouty man.

"Silence in the pit," said an unknown voice,—here is the notary. Clut!

In truth the man of the law entered the funeral apartment at this particular moment. He was a young, and even handsome man, with a mild benignant cast of countenance, which rather took the company, especially the ladies by surprise. But he was not alone. After him came a calm, sedate quiet looking priest, looking by the hand a little boy. Never was there a greater contrast presented than by these two.

"The priest was a Jesuit, though not openly attached to the order, and had been the deceased's most intimate friend, adviser and director. In early youth, Michael Maline was reputed a great sinner; the great reason that in his old age he would be a great saint. Excessive meat—and a once very wicked man often becomes to the world a very worthy individual.

The boy, a fine open faced, handsome lad of about twenty years of age, was the deceased's only child. He alone of all those present, wept for he had lost a father—He was an orphan, and young as he was, he felt all the bitter desolation of his position.

The company all simultaneously rose as Mons. Durant entered.

"Many excuses for having kept you waiting, ladies and gentlemen," said the lawyer mildly; "but this dear child, whose presence is necessary to the reading of the will, is so dejected with grief, I had the greatest difficulty in bringing him higher at all."

"The dear child, indeed," said Madame Barbejeux. "Little wretch of a boy," she whispered.

"No excuse, pray," exclaimed M. Laurent, with extreme gravity of tone.

"Your presence now is ample compensation for a longer absence," said the coquetting mincingly.

M. Durant, without noticing these remarks, seated himself, in which the whole company imitated. For once they were unanimous.

"Come near me, Paul," said the Jesuit meekly, and listen to what thy father said concerning thee."

Paul replied only by sobs.

The notary broke the seal of the packet, which is now exhibited.

After the usual preliminaries, the testament of the deceased was as follows:

The poor girl turned deathly pale, and appeared ready to faint. Her heavy, sleepy looking lover, himself appeared deeply moved. Never judge from outside for this stupid looking fellow was a rough diamond. He was all heart but he knew not how to give utterance to his feelings, which is often the misfortune of young men who have seen the world.

"And in order to enable her to do so with propriety, and where her heart is set, I farther bequeath to her ten thousand francs."

Whatever were the sensations of those around, there were two in the room whom the old man had made thoroughly happy. It was his intention so to do, for Michael remembered the days of his youth.

The lawyer continued—

"These are all my legacies. The rest of my property, in houses, lands, and money, amounting to about two hundred thousand francs, I bequeath to Mons. Foreau, the cure of our parish."

An universal movement of surprise took place while the priest moved not a muscle, and the child who had not listened to a word, continued to weep. Paul was utterly unconscious of what was going forward.

"In trust to be applied, when my dear son attains the age of twenty-one, in the following manner—

"The property to be divided into two parts—such part as the said reverend Pere Foreau chooses, to go to my son, and the other to be devoted to the holy services of the church. My son, in the mean time, to be educated, by the said reverend Pere Foreau, who, dying, will at once name his heirs, to be substituted in lieu of his own."

As the worthy notary read the clause deliberately and slowly, a faint flush crossed his face, while his dark eyes were keenly fixed upon the priest. The latter, however moved not a muscle, nor did his manners show the slightest sign of emotion; and Monsieur Durant having at length concluded, closed the papers with a sigh. The cautious lawyer foresaw difficulties he knew not how to obviate.

The company now dispersed, the relatives departed—while the cure went out to give some orders to the servants.

No Madame Durant, the orphan remained alone in the chamber of death.

"Paul," said the former, kindly, taking the boy's hand, "do you love me?"

"I do," Monsieur Durant, replied the sobbing child, "but oh, Monsieur Durant, what have they done with my father? I shall never see him again."

"The grief of the lad was so touching that Monsieur Durant could hardly refrain from tears.

"My dear Paul, God is good, and will one day unite you to your father once more. But in the meantime you promise me one thing."

"You will now be taken from here until you are twenty-one. When you reach that age you will be free; now promise me—you will then come to me, will you not, and I will be your friend. You promise me?"

"I do," sobbed the child.

"Now do not forget this promise, for," continued the lawyer solemnly, "you will then indeed want a friend."

This scene, as above described, occurred in a village near Paris, some two hundred years ago.

More than ten years passed, and Paul Maline grew to man's estate. During the whole of his period he was under the tuition of Pere Foreau, though not in the village where his father had died and been interred; for shortly after this sad occurrence, the priest removed his charge to Paris, where he steadily devoted himself to the lad's education, except when his duty called him to attend to the service of the order. The worthy man, now unable, originally wished to bring the boy up to the church; and as Paul manifested the most intense opposition to this idea, vowing that the army alone was the profession he loved, it was thought wise to baulk his desires.

It was the day previous to that on which he became of age, that we again introduce Paul upon the scene of action. He was in his own private room, the house being occupied by various persons, and the priest dwelling in a little garret apart from all else.

Books, papers, a huge assortment, manuscripts scattered over the floor, illustrated with swords and daggers, and suits of armor, lay in hopeless confusion in every corner, while by a lamp, sat Paul, holding in his hand what was still singular in half-military, half military cell, a small miniature of a lady, painted by one of the most fashionable artists of the day. This face was gentle, mild and lovely while the innocence of early youth was stamped on every feature.

"I have seen that countenance before," said Paul gazing intently on it,—or it is the realization of some dream?"

"How come you by it my son?" inquired the priest mildly, having entered so gently as to be unperceived.

"I found it, father," replied Paul, blushing and laying down the picture, "this morning near the church."

"Saw you quite beauty," perchance," continued Pere Foreau, quietly, "but that is not what I came to speak about."

"Of what then, father," inquired Paul, placing the miniature within the folds of his garment.

"To-morrow," said the Jesuit, seating himself, and allowing a faint blush to illuminate his features, "you are of age."

"I am father," and it was a dim perception of the joys the future might bring him, which illuminated the warmth of his reply.

"You know the terms of your father's will?"

"That I am to have such a part as you choose and the rest to go to the church."

"Exactly. Now I have taken advice in high quarters my son as to what I should do, and acting upon that principle they decided I ought to act upon—I will not say his holiness has guided me—this is my decision:

"I have educated you with care; you have been bred to the profession of arms; you are ready for any employment; and I have no doubt will obtain the eminence which your talents deserve; in consideration of the great good which may then accrue to the church, I give to you one thousand francs and my blessing, while I give to the little Apostolic church, one hundred and ninety-nine thousand francs forever."

"Infamous robber!" exclaimed the young man thus plunged from lofty visions of wealth and independence, to a struggle for existence,—is it thus that you betray my father's trust?"

"My son you are intemperate," said the priest mildly. "Your father's trust has not been betrayed. He says distinctly that part we choose we are to give you; and we are to choose from loftier motives than you can see, to give you what I have said."

Paul replied not, but bending his head until it rested on the table, covered his eyes with his hands, and remained thus for some minutes.

"False Priest!" he then began.

But the Jesuit was gone, and on the table was a copy of his father's will, and the thousand francs.

"Courage," said Paul to himself, "I am young I have a profession, and a glorious one—let me lay out my plans."

A few days, and Paul Maline, on foot, with a haversack on his back, was discovered leaving Paris by the road which led to his own native village. Wrapped in serious thought, he did not give way to melancholy, the young disinclined walking along with a firm and manly step.

Two days Paul continued his journey, and on the morning of the third found himself within a few miles of his birth place—Two of these had been gone over, when he came in view of the only town which he had to pass on the route, nearly all being some distance from the summit of a lofty hill, down which the pathway he had chosen wound slowly and lengthily.

Stepping out firmly, he entered the town, and advancing rapidly through the principle street hurried on his way. He had crossed the greater portion of the space which intervened between the gates of the city, when turning suddenly the corner of the rue Monfermy, his eye caught sight of a picture which transfixed him with astonishment. At a window, and that too of a large and magnificent house, standing as if in the enjoyment of the fresh air, was the original of the miniature which Paul treasured so highly. But such an original, far more beautiful than any thing he could have imagined from the picture. To say that Paul was under the impulse of surprise, would be faintly to express the look which he gazed upon the lovely apparition, who offended or astonished, or acting with coquish calculation, immediately retired from the window.

Paul heaved a deep sigh, but a sigh of a man who was relieved from a heavy load, and not of a lover. He exclaimed loud aloud, "I have found her—she of whom I have dreamed—she whom I loved already."

And forgetting the tremendous obstacles which lay between him and success, he gave himself up to the dreamy light of a possibly happy future. The next minute he was at the door, and in another in the presence of the servant of the house.

"I wish to see your mistress."

The servant looked at the duty person of the young wayfarer and hesitated.

"I do not wish to see your young mistress, repeated Paul mildly but firmly.

There was something in the tones of our hero which went to the sonneteer's heart, and with a smile she enquired the stranger's name.

"Monsieur Paul Maline."

In two minutes more, Paul was received in a magnificent apartment, and two females, the one evidently the mother, the other a daughter. The former spoke.

"What can I do for Monsieur," said she, "is it any professional business?"

"No Madame," replied Paul blushing and hesitating, "but have you not lost a precious object, a ring, perhaps, or a watch, or a miniature?"

"Ah, Monsieur!" exclaimed the mother, while an expression of deep gratification illumined the features of the young girl, "you have not found it?"

"Indeed, Madame, I am happy to say I have."

"And how have you been fortunate enough to find it? How can I thank you?"

"I saw Madame's portrait in the window."

"Indeed," said the mother fixing a scrutinizing glance upon the duty youth, "you knew not who she was?"

"Paul said nothing but that a strange young man flew to her heart."

"You have not lost that strange young man who has studied the miniature?"

"I found it," continued Paul, "at the church of St. Esprit, in Paris, some ten days since, and have carried it with me ever since in the faint hope of finding an owner for it—I have—"

Paul paused, and then, more to while, he said, "I have next my heart," he was about to have said, but an indefinable impulse stayed his words, while he took it from his bosom, his features still more overcast by burning blushes, blushed that with his manly spoke volumes to the heart of the fair owner.

Both ladies were about to join in thanking the young traveller, when the door opened and a man entered hurriedly.

"It was the notary Durant."

"Paul Maline, my dear boy," he exclaimed, "most delightful to see you. You have kept your promise! I am glad of it."

Paul stammered forth some unintelligible words, but Louise, the lovely original of the picture which Paul had parted with, most willingly came to his aid and explained the whole in a few words. Durant listened attentively and a gratified smile played round his lips.

"Paul," said he, kindly, "you are the son of Michael Maline, who made my fortune by lending me a sum of money which he never reclaimed—If you particularly wish it, you may keep that picture."

Paul could not believe his ears; Louise laid down her head to take a laugh at the odd expression of his countenance, while Madame said mildly, "Durant."

"Fudge," said the hearty lawyer, now counsellor royal, with it, "said the ear of the king, or at all events his ministers; you know I don't like to act as other people do; and when I left Paris weeping over my father's grave, I said to myself, 'what a capital husband he would make for my little Louise.' Now I flatter myself I didn't think anything out of the way, did I Paul?"

"Fudge!" Paul exclaimed, blushing like a young lady just from school, while, considering his education among the Jesuits, was remarkable since they were men who never blushed.

"Now, my dear boy, just off with your coat, down with your pack. Now then, sit down and say as if the house were your own, I am at home."

Paul obeyed, and having retired to refresh himself, and attend to his toilette, returned in the guise of a gentleman, which Louise could not but own, became him marvelously.

"Now, my boy, we are going to dine, and at dinner you shall tell us the whole of your adventures since we parted."

It was the king's ante-chamber. A number of persons were there waiting for an audience. Among these were Durant the lawyer, Paul, Louise and her mother. In three months, which had elapsed since the event of our last chapter, the young people had become better acquainted. To see them as they stood side by side, it was easy to discover that they were now lovers, if not affianced. About three yards from them, however, stood their evil genius, the priest Foreau.

His look was still meek, mild and calm, but there was in his meek eyes a restless fever which bespoke a mind ill at ease.

"His majesty will receive all the parties concerned in the affair of Malines," exclaimed the usher, throwing open a side door.

The group entered and stood in the presence of the king, who seated at a table covered with papers, was attentively perusing a document.

"Sire," said he after a few moments' silence, "I have read your memorial with care; it is worth of you. It is terse, vigorous, and argumentative. Abbe Foreau, I have read yours. It is learned and eloquent, but unfortunately it errs in one particular."

"In what, sire?"

"The priest turned pale, for he saw that it was decided against him."

"At least your majesty, it was intended one-half should be the property of the church."

"Perhaps, Abbe Foreau, that was the intention," said the king severely, "but you have willfully deceived me from the intention of the deceased, and I accordingly accept the interpretation of Monsieur Durant, which is the part you choose was to be his son's."

"The part you choose was one hundred and ninety-nine thousand francs; the other thousand goes to the church. The words are explicit Abbe Foreau: 'Such part as the said reverend Pere chooses to go to my son.'"

Shylock baulked of his pound of flesh by the lovely judge, presented not a more utterly over-coming and down-cast look than the priest, who, having lost, left the King's apartment. Paul fell at the King's feet and burst forth in eloquent expressions of gratitude.

"Young man," said the monarch with a smile, "I have ordered for the sake of justice, a powerful body of men; but if I am not just, who is to be so in France? You are a soldier?"

"I appoint you at once to my corps de grand. A lieutenant is vacant. Let me see you to-morrow at the place."

The whole party now retired, happy and contented in the extreme. Durant perhaps enjoyed the triumph more than any because it was wit and not force that had turned the scales against the abbe. Paul obtained his inheritance; the priest went to Rome; and ere long another asked a blessing on the union of Paul Maline and the original of the miniature.

On motion of Mr. Cass, the ten regiment bill was then taken up and read a third time. The question being on the passage.

Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, was induced by his convictions of duty, to define his views upon the bill, and to call for the yeas and nays.

Although he knew that there were few Senators who would concur with him, yet he owed it to his constituents, and to his conscience before the country, not to let his vote go to the world without giving his reasons for it. He would have been glad to have left this to older and alder men. He would have been glad, in order to get all the possible light on this subject, which appeared so hard and unapproachable, but he supposed the bill would pass through the forms of a law, and that it was only left for him to give his reasons and his votes against it. But no matter whether the lights of public documents were to be put to rest, or whether the bill was decided upon, he would speak against the bill, and would see to it that he would be regular and volunteers; and if there was any other description of troops, he should vote against them. He would oppose the appropriation of a single dollar to the force in the field, beyond the regular army, and he would see to it that he would be regular and volunteers; and if there was any other description of troops, he should vote against them. He would oppose the appropriation of a single dollar to the force in the field, beyond the regular army, and he would see to it that he would be regular and volunteers; and if there was any other description of troops, he should vote against them.

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